Sixth Annual Report of the

Alumnæ Association of Mount Vernon Seminary

Washington, D. C.

MDCCCXCIV

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION OF MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY

SIXTH ANNUAL
. . . REPORT . . .
OF THE
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OF
MOUNT . VERNON SEMINARY

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EDITORIAL.

ANOTHER June has come and with it another of the merry June reunions that are so eagerly looked forward to by young maids and old. But since our last Alumnæ Day there has been sorrow in the school home and the hearts of all the Seminary girls go out in love and sympathy to our dear Mrs. Somers, who is mourning the loss of her mother, dear grandma Eddy. The girls all knew and loved her sweet face with its gentle smile and her silver hair, a benediction in itself; and we all know that peacefully and faithfully as she lived here so has she gone into the great beyond, to live in her Father's house a more perfect life than this. Singly, and as an association, we tender to Mrs. Somers our great love and sympathy.

The past year has been as always a busy one with us. The School itself is in a most prosperous condition and its branches and offshoots are all flourishing. The Cherry Vale Home is still doing its good work and another charity has been helped by the Alumnæ girls. The Young Woman's Christian Home has been presented with an M. V. S. room in white and gold, for the use of our less fortunate sisters; those girls whose lives are full of struggles and temptations and who may be helped and strengthened by the sweetness and purity of the little room. So much have we done

towards helping the good work on. Much more may we do if we would combine our energies and work heartily together for Mrs. Somers, the School, and whatever we may find to do. And we would say to the new girls that we most earnestly hope they will continue to feel the same enthusiastic interest in all Seminary and Alumnæ matters; that they will win back some of the older girls who are apt once in awhile to lose interest in the great work of our school, through other demands on their time and attention. But girls this must not be. Cultivate that *corps d'esprit* which made Napoleon's armies invincible; that spirit which will make us do and dare for our beloved Alma Mater that she may stand for future generations a noble example of the life and work of women in the nineteenth century.

MARION DANE LILLEY,
NELLIE M. WALKER,
HELEN HURST,
Editorial Committee, '93-'94.

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION

OF

.... MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY . . .

◆

Officers for 1894-'95

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President

MISS ANNA KING

Vice Presidents

MISS ADA STINEMETZ MISS EDNA TUNE

Recording Secretary

MISS MARION LILLEY

Corresponding Secretary

MISS ANNA KENNEDY

Treasurer

MISS HATTIE WALKER

Editorial Committee

MISS MARION LILLEY, CHAIRMAN
MISS NELLIE M. WALKER
MISS HELEN HURST

LIST OF MEMBERS.*

Honorary Members.

Mrs. ELIZABETH J. SOMERS, . .	1100 M St. N.W.
Miss S. A. SCULL, ...	1100 M St. N.W.
Miss S. A. EASTON, ...	Cawnpore, India
Mrs. CLARA BLISS FINLEY, M. D.,	Forest Glen, Md.
Miss HARRIET GRACE BROUSE,	1100 M St. N.W.
Mrs. ADELIA GATES HENSLEY,	1003 H St., N.W.

Active Members.

1876.

MINNIE E. NAYLOR, (Mrs. G. W. F. Swartzell), 933 Westminister St.

1877.

MARGARET CLARKE (Mrs. W. A. H. Church). *Died February* 13, 1892.

MABEL EDDY, 56 Woodruff Place, Indianapolis, Ind.

JULIET EVERTS (Mrs. Robb), . . Cincinnati, Ohio

CARRIE B. GILLIS (Mrs. David Murray), Binghamton, N. Y.

MARY STEWART (Mrs. John Carey), 660 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.

*When not otherwise expressly stated, all addresses are in Washington, D. C.

1878.

IDA MUNSON ANDRUS, 211 Park Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.

FLORENCE CATHERINE NOKES (Mrs. Arthur Murphy), 392 Clinton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

LURA NASH (Mrs. Clarence Griggs). 1333 Ottawa Ave., Ottawa, Ill.

MARY E. RANKIN (Mrs. Harvey Goulder), 45 Hilburn Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

1879.

ANNA WOODBURN BAGGS (Mrs. L. A. Koehne), Orlando, Florida.

CARRIE PRYOR BRYAN, (Mrs. S. Preston Moses), 7 Cambria St., Somerville. Mass.

IDA MAGARET HAWLEY (Mrs. A. J. Robbins), 16 Third St. N. E.

MARY LANDERS (Mrs. John Beall), Montrose, Georgetown Heights, D. C. *Died Thanksgiving, '92.*

CAROLINE WAUGH MORGAN, . . 1341 Q St. N.W.

ADALYN E. SMITH (Mrs. A. R. Holden), Hyattsville, Md.

JULIA MAY SOMERS (Mrs. Horace G. Candee), 1420 Sherwood Ave., Omaha, Neb.

THERESE E. TILLY (Mrs. Morgan L. Neville), 1828 H St. N. W.

VILLA WELCH (Mrs. Harvey Murray), 160 Park St., Portland, Me.

1880.

MYRA GOODWIN (Mrs. Samuel Plantz), 125 Howard St., Detroit, Mich.

ALICE MAUD NOKES (Mrs. Nathan Hall), Socorro, N. M.

SADIE ROSS RABB (Mrs. James Wade Emason), Vincennes, Ind.

CORA M. WALKER (Mrs. F. L. Hayes), 1105 C St. S.W.

MARY WHEELER, ... Muirkirk, Md.

ANNA MARY KENNEDY, . . 321 C Street N. W.

1881.

ANNA SEYMOUR AMES, ... ——

FANNIE ROBINSON CHASE (Mrs. B. G. Poole), 945 Rhode Island Ave.

ADELE MAY GRANDIN, ... Louisville, Ky.

ALMA MARIE HOGUE (Mrs. Dr. Baxter), Michigan City, Ind.

ELLA V. MARLOW (Mrs. William H. Harrison), Laurel, Md.

CORNELIA IRBY MORGAN, 315 Four-and-a-half St.

FRANCES ADELAIDE TUNE (Mrs. W. F. Walker), 610 E St. N. W.

NELLIE M. VILA (Mrs. Willis Lord Moore), Hutchinson, Kan.

HATTIE BELLE WALKER, . . 422 Third St. N.W.

1882.

GERTRUDE BURNETT (Mrs. William E. Beach), 185 Columbia St., Lafayette, Ind.

REGINA CALDER (Mrs. Ehrman B. Mitchell), 105 N. Front St., Harrisburg, Pa.

JESSIE PIXLEY LACEY, 203 Maple Ave., Evanston, Ill.

ELIZABETH BEALL LEECH, . . Govanstown, Md.

CAROLYN E. PORTE, care of Prof. KITCHEL, Salisbury, Conn.

1883.

MARY LITTLE CAMMACK, . . *Died March*, 1887.

HALLIE M. ELLIOTT (Mrs. Frank Ridgely), Springfield, Ill.

MARY JENNINGS, . 826 Third St., Harrisburg, Pa.

FLORENCE HELEN NASH, (Mrs. Weis), 127 Prospect Ave., Ottawa, Ill.,

1884.

MARIAN A. DEAN, (Mrs. Fred. Barnheisel), San José, Cal.

ELEANOR FOSTER (Mrs. Robert Lansing), Watertown, N. Y.

FRANCES E. SCOVILLE, 1225 First St., Evansville, Ind.
EMMA M. GRANDIN, ... Glendale, Ohio.
EDITH M. LACEY, . 203 Maple Ave., Evanston, Ill.
JENNIE E. NISBIT (Mrs. J. H. Zarecor), Nashville, Tenn.
LOUISE E. PRENTISS (Mrs. Frederick W. True), 1322 Yale St.
MARGARET G. GALT (Mrs. E. Chester Stott), Taneytown, Md.

1885.

MABEL CRAMPTON (Mrs. James McCurrach), 234 Garfield Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
GRACE FINLEY, ... 1920 Thirteenth St.
AGNES INCH, ... 1824 Hillyer Place
MARY ISABEL POTTER, 600 Seventeenth St., Oakland, Cal.
GRACIA FREDRIKA TORINUS (Mrs. Hiram King). *Died December* 31, 1889.
LOUISE B. WILSON (Mrs. Lloyd W. Bowers), 11 Ritchie Place, Chicago, Ill.

1886.

MABEL CANNON (Mrs. E. X. Leseure), Danville, Ill.
CARRIE ALLEN (Mrs. W. D. Van Horn), Wellsboro', Pa.
KATHERYN MORGAN, Waterbury, Anne Arundel County, Md.
NETTIE STINEMETZ (Mrs. R. L. Bains), 1217 M St.
MARIE WILKINSON (Mrs. Howard L. Hodgkins), 1830 T St. N. W.
HATTIE STAPLES, ... Dubuque, Iowa
MARGARET THOMPSON, 499 East Ave., Galveston, Tex.
MELLIE HAYDOCK (Mrs. J. B. Camp), 2033 Park Ave., St. Louis, Mo. *Died July* 28, 1893.
LINA E. WILSON (Mrs. William Alton), 128 E. 47th St., Chicago, Ill.

1887.

AUGUSTA EIGHMEY, . 1337 Main St., Dubuque, Iowa
GRACE WILLIS, ... Wellsboro', Pa.
MARY NORTON, ... Winona, Minn.
SARAH WARTMANN, ... Evansville, Ind.
ALETHEA H. LUSE (Mrs. Sydney Underwood), 5421 Cornell Ave., Hyde Park, Chicago, Ill.
ANNIE PRICE (Mrs. E. F. Simpson), Le Droit Park

1888.

CLARA FORD (Mrs. Charles Francis Nesbit), 503 Maple Ave., Le Droit Park.
ADDIE PERRY BURR (Mrs. John C. Clark), 46 W. 51st St., N. Y.
MARTHA LOUISE LEMON (Mrs. S. C. Cissel), 1220 Eleventh St. N. W.
NELLIE MATHILDA WALKER, 14th and Clifton Sts.
NANNIE VAN DYKE SKILLMAN, 234 New Jersey Ave. S. E.
RACHEL JONES COFFIN, ... Muirkirk, Md.
MARY KNIGHT BRADFORD, ... 904 M St.
MARY ADA STINEMETZ, ... 1531 P St.

1889.

MARY ALICE WOODSON (Mrs. J. C. Hosea), St. Joseph, Mo.
FLORENCE LEYDEN DEPAUW, 28 W. 45th St., N. Y. City.
MARY FORCE, ... 524 Mabry St., Selma, Ala.
ANNA S. KING, ... 1315 Twelfth St.
FLORENCE R. YOUNG, care Dr. Hugo, 808 Seventeenth St.
EUGENIA KEEN (Mrs. Louis Cunningham), White Plains, N. Y.
LOUISE MCWILLIAMS, ... Dwight, Ill.

1890.

Regular Course.

Edith Dennison Cook, 2625 Ellis Park, Chicago, Ill.
Edith Dingley, ... Lewiston, Me.
Mary Hannah Diver, ... 222 C St. S. E.
Ora Adéle Hancock, ... Dubuque, Iowa
Clara Celinda Kennedy, . . . 321 C St. N. W.
Naomi Blanche Naylor (Mrs. Dr. Joseph R. Huntt), Laurel, Md.
Mucy Myra Ricker, ... Lewiston, Me,
Kate Wright Stedman, ... Asheville, N. C.
Ina Marie Taft, 3014 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mary Roberta Wolf (Mrs. Huber G. Buehler), Lakeville, Conn.

Special Course.

Yoshi Kuki, ... Kobi, Japan
Lucinda Jane Tanner (Mrs. John A. Barnes), Springfield, Ill.
Edna Henderson Tune, . . . 610 E St. N.W.

1891.

Anna Coryell Beebe, 1320 Stout St., Denver, Col.
Eleanor G. Brush, care John Brush, Indianapolis, Ind.
Phila L. Calder (Mrs. Jos. K. Nye), New Bedford, Mass.
Elsa D. Chamberlin (Mrs. C. H. Mower), 23 Gloucester Terrace, London, Eng.
Mary Chiles, ... Independence, Mo.
Frances Pearson Clapp, . . 1024 Vermont Ave.
Grace V. Edwards, . . . 111 Eleventh St. S. E.
Elizabeth H. Field, 265 Broadway, Denver, Col.
Izzie L. Herrick, 345 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn.
Marion D. Lilley, care of Mrs. L. B. Chandler, 2d Auditor's Office.

Sussie B. Plain, ... 1121 Twelfth St.
Sara Bainbridge Shields, ... 2019 N St.
Clara Seipp, . 3300 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Cornelia Harnden Wright, . . . 1209 S St.

1892.

Myrtle Baird, Baird Building, Kansas City, Mo.
Laura Elizabeth Booge, . . Sioux City, Iowa
Catherine Brown, ... Hutchinson, Kan.
Katherine Choate, ... 730 Eleventh St.
Grace Alice Doyle, ... Toledo, Ohio
Zoe Farrar, ... Waterford, Pa.
Nellie Blanche Ford, ... Allegheny, Pa.
Bertha Elizabeth Hammond, . Putnam, Conn.
Anna Hasselman, 100 E. Michigan St. Indianapolis, Ind.
Helen Hurst, ... 1701 Massachusetts Ave.
Mary Alice McCabe, 1943 Orrington Ave., Evanston, Ill.
Anne Cushing Sargent, ... Evanston, Ill.

1893.

Blanche C. Barnitz, ... La Normandie
Grace N. Bentley, ... Grand Island, Neb.
Elizabeth B. Dare, ... 221 A St. S. E.
Alice E. Edwards, ... 1100 M St.
Anna L. Hoeke, ... 336 C St. N.W.
Beulah C. Hubbell, ... Des Moines, Iowa
Gertrude Mellen, ... St. Paul, Minn.
Mary McCauley, ... 220 B St. S. E.
Katharine L. Peck, ... Kalamazoo, Mich.
Emaugene L. Peters, ... Galloway, Ohio
Florence W. Quick, ... N. Salem, N. Y.
Alice B. Ridenour, ... Kansas City, Mo.
Corinne Shellabarger, . . . Decatur, Ill.
Blanche M. Swope, ... 1312 N St. N. W.
Frances Wood, ... Marshall, Mo.

1894.

LILLIE MAY BOWEN, . . . 703 Mt. Vernon Place
HEDWIG BRAND, . . . 53 Cedar St., Chicago, Ill.
MAZIE FLORENCE BROWN, . . 1704 Oregon Ave.
ELLA BERRY DARE, ... 221 A St. S. E.
DORA ÉLISE DUFOUR, ... 1203 F St.
LOUISE DUVALL, ... 1831 M St.
IVY GREEN, ... Eckington, D.C.
RITCHIE FORD GUNNISON, . . . 937 O St.
EDITH STARK HANCOCK, ... 1724 P St.
ORO JOSEPH HEMPHILL, ... 1724 P St.
JEANNIE NELSON HOSEA, . . . St. Joseph, Mo.
ROSAMOND MCDERMOTT, Highland Place, Avondale, Cincinnati, O.
MAY MELISH, ... Clifton, Cincinnati, Ohio
FRANCES MARION TRIMBLE, 1320 Rhode Island Ave.
MABEL ADELAIDE WALKER, . . 1105 C St. S. W.
CECYL EUNICE WHITE, ... St. Paul, Minn.
GRACE DUNCAN WRIGHT, ... 1209 S St.
MARY WOODSON (Mrs. Jefferson C. Hosea), St. Joseph, Mo.
FLORENCE DEPAUW, 28 W. 45th St., New York City
ELSIE D. CHAMBERLIN (Mrs. Chas. Hudson, Mower), 23 Gloucester Terrace, London, Eng.

CONSTITUTION.

Article I.

THIS Society shall be known as the Almunæ Association of Mount Vernon Seminary, Washington, D. C.

Article II.

Every graduate of the Institution shall be considered an active and life member of this Association.

Article III.

The officers of this Association shall be a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Corresponding and a Recording Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Editorial Committee of three. These shall together constitute a Board of Directors, and shall be elected annually, a majority of all the votes cast being necessary to a choice.

Article IV.

The President shall preside at all meetings, and in her absence one of the Vice-Presidents shall act in her stead.

The Corresponding Secretary shall conduct the correspondence of the Association, and present an Annual Report.

The Recording Secretary shall keep an accurate record of the minutes of all meetings, and read the Annual Memoir.

The Treasurer shall receive all money collected as dues from members, and shall pay out the same only upon order from the President; she shall keep a careful account of the financial affairs of the Association, a report of which she shall present at the expiration of her term of office.

ARTICLE V.

The Board of Directors shall have power to call meetings, fill vacancies occasioned by death or resignation, and otherwise conduct the general affairs of the Association. Three members of this Board shall constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE VI.

(*As Amended.*)

The regular meetings of this Association, shall be two business meetings and a reunion. The first business meeting shall be held on the second Saturday in January, for the purpose of arranging the program for the Reunion, and for the appointment of the necessary committees.

The second business meeting shall be held on the First Saturday in May, for the election of officers. The Reunion shall be held on the Saturday preceding Commencement, at 11 A. M.

Seven members of the Association, three of whom belong to the Board of Directors, shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

ARTICLE VII.

This Constitution may be altered or amended at the May meeting, by the vote of a majority of members present, seven members constituting a quorum.

ARTICLE VIII.

The Editorial Committee shall edit and publish an Annual, to be issued before July 1st, and to consist of original articles contributed by members only.

ARTICLE IX.

There shall be an annual tax of one dollar upon each member, to meet the expenses of publishing the Annual. There shall also be an annual tax upon each resident member, to defray the expenses of the Reunion, the amount to be determined at the May meeting.

ANNUAL REUNION

OF

M. V. S. A. A.

THE Annual Reunion of the M. V. S. ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION was held at the Seminary Saturday, June the second, 1894.

Miss King, the President, called the meeting to order. The class of '94 was introduced by Miss Edwards.

The President delivered a most interesting address, welcoming the new class and giving a vivid picture of the past work and influence of M. V. S.

Miss Bowen, of the class of '94, responded to the President's address. The roll was then called and the following program enjoyed:

PROGRAM.

Vocal Solo, ... Miss DINGLEY
Letter.—Miss HASSELMAN.
Read by Mrs. HOLDEN.
Vocal Solo, ... Miss BOWEN
Reading. . . . . Miss HATTIE WALKER
Vocal Solo, ... Miss DINGLEY
Essay.—Miss HAMMOND.
Read by Miss ELSIE EDWARDS.
Vocal Solo, ... Miss BOWEN
Poem.—Mrs. NYE.
Read by Miss DINGLEY.

After enjoying this program the members adjourned to the first floor where luncheon was served. The toasts were introduced by Mrs. Hodgkins, the toast-mistress, who filled the position more than acceptably. And after the responses had been made the meeting was adjourned.

MARION DANE LILLEY.
Recording Secretary.

Treasurer's Report for Year Ending June 20th, 1894.

RECEIPTS.

Balance in treasury June 26th, 1893,		$55.59
Received by H. B. Walker, Treasurer, for dues, ...	69.00	
Received by A. E. Edwards for luncheon fees, ...	31.00	100.00
		$155.59

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Mary Bradford for printing Annuals, 1893, ...	$55.59	
Expended by Treasurer for stationery,	3.06	
Expended for luncheon, 1894, . .	29.23	
Balance unpaid luncheon, 1893, .	1.64	
Paid H. M. Diver for postage, . .	3.80	
Paid A. G. Gedney for engraving, .	1.50	94.82
Balance on hand June 20th, 1894,		$60.77
		$155.59

Hattie Belle Walker,
Treasurer.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

COMMENCEMENT Week seemed more than usually delightful this year, for aside from the pleasures of Class Day and Graduation, the weather was cool and delightful and the chapel, crowded with interested friends, did not seem so oppressive as on a warm night.

The class colors being red and white, the decorations were most effective, consisting of great bowls of red and white carnations, while the church platform with its background of waving palms was massed at each end by carnations and clusters of great white lillies.

As the class was so large, there being seventeen graduates, all the essays could not be read Class Night, but the few that were chosen were listened to with great interest by an audience which literally packed our chapel to overflowing. The music, both here and at graduation, was excellent; Miss Dingley's fine voice being especially pleasing.

Rev. Sylvester Jones, D. D., of New York, addressed the class, taking for his theme, "Truth as a Basis to Character Making."

Then in a few well-chosen words from Mrs. Somers, the diplomas were presented and the class of '94 became a part of the Alumnæ Association, thus closing one of the most successful commencement weeks Mt. Vernon Seminary has ever known.

WELCOME TO THE CLASS OF '94,

BY THE PRESIDENT.

YOUNG ladies of the class of '94, it is with sincere pleasure the MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION greets you. May you find hospitality and good cheer among us to-day and always.

Some years ago there existed in one of the large cities of Ohio a college for women. Year after year the graduates went forth and drifted all over our country, but wherever two or more met again there was a cordial hand grasp and hearty welcome in the name of the beloved Alumnæ Mater.

One winter twelve of these sisters found each other in our own city, and banded together for mutual benefit and pleasure, and also for benefit for the less fortunate. One of the twelve came as the wife of the President of the United States, and upon entering the White House, the first token of love to greet her was a reproduction in flowers, of the emblem of her college. It had been placed there by her fellow Alumnæ who were in the city. One of these Alumnæ was our own Mrs. Somers, and the wife of the President was Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes, that honored and respected lady. While in the White House, each year she attended the commencement of our school. Once just to cover us with glory, she came as the President's wife, but at other times as one who was interested in making the evening a success, for she sat in the organ loft of the church and waved her handkerchief if the girls failed to speak loud enough.

If Mrs. Somers and Mrs. Hayes had not been fellow-Alumnæ, how could that good woman's interest in our school have been so genuine?

And those other ten have all done as much and more for M. V. S. Surely these twelve proved themselves true to their Alma Mater.

And now the question arises, what is the obligation that rests upon us, the Alumnæ of M. V. S.? To show what kind of women such a school can send forth into the world, to strive to our utmost to assist in maintaining the highest standard our Alma Mater has reached and to aid her in advancing even higher, for as soon as one ideal is realized another rises higher and beyond and again we press upward.

What is the meaning of that diploma which we have all so gladly and proudly borne from these halls? Does it indicate that we attained distinction, finished with text book, syllogisms and puzzling problems? or does it truly mean that we then commenced and that all those years were a training to prepare us to fill the noblest, best, and highest positions of womanhood? This, my friends, is the signification of that little roll of parchment, and may never an act of one of us even hint of the possibility of our being unworthy to own it.

No wonder our Alma Mater was founded for the formation and guidance of woman's character! Think of the power she wields, the unfathomable resources stored within her delicate brain and the influence a seemingly trivial act of hers may have upon humanity. The way to show ourselves fitted for these spheres, which some of our number have already found and for which others are waiting, is to perform every duty, no matter how small, as though it were the last act to be remembered of us. "This is advice we have often had before," some will object, "and which we ourselves give nearly every day." Just so! Mothers, teachers and others of us give it so often we fail to realize its application to ourselves. Sometimes we

should look to see if we are consistent with what we recommend as best to others. Here let the situation be reversed and instead of holding the torch of duty, let us see it held by our Alma Mater and follow.

Your first duty, oh, sweet girl graduates, is to be loyal and true to the precepts of this our school and to demonstrate to the world what qualities they are which fitted you to receive its diploma and highest honors. Show this loyalty to the world, but within our own ranks let your love and reverence be known by the hearty cheer with which you co-operate in all the interests of the association and its members. Here we are all sisters of one household.

It is said that when a girl marries she neglects, perhaps even forgets, her earlier home and friends, and in this household the fact is certainly true, for in that way we have lost some of our very efficient workers. So, we look to you of '94 for re-enforcement, for you are very young yet and have—let us hope—not even begun to contemplate any such traitorous conduct.

Now all glory to M. V. S. and may she, aided and inspired by the Alumnæ Association, continue to send forth noble women each of whom shall make the world better and happier for her having lived in it!

RESPONSES OF THE CLASS OF '94

BY LILLIE M. BOWEN.

Miss President and Members of the Alumnæ Association:

To-day we have reached a mile-stone on the road to the wonderful Temple of Knowledge, which must shine forth white and bright through each successive stage of life's journey. Tenderly and regretfully do we abandon our old relations; and standing as we do on the threshold of the new, we realize, perhaps for first time, that the kind, helpful hands, the tender guidance and loving protection which have formed the very mainstay of the past years must now be removed from our support. But in going out into the world we will strive to be guided by those precepts of wisdom, goodness and truth which have so bounteously fallen to us from the lips and example of our dear Principal.

Fully do we appreciate that in avowing allegiance to our Alma Mater we assume no light responsibility; that, although no longer pupils of Mt. Vernon Seminary, in accepting her diploma we become more completely than ever before her children and henceforth hold her honor in our keeping.

Most heartily do we thank you, members of the ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION, for so graciously receiving us into your midst. It shall be the chief aim of the class of '94 to perpetuate the valuable lessons and precious memories of a past from which we are loth to be severed; trusting that when beyond reach of the fostering care to which we have been accustomed, we shall never misuse the knowledge acquired through faithful toil, neglect our golden opportunities or bring disgrace to the escutcheon of our beloved Institution.

IN MEMORIAM.

ENTERED INTO REST, JULY 28, 1894,
MELLIE HAYDOCK CAMP.

"And they shall be mine saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

A CLOUD now hangs over us and our hearts feel sad, when we think that another sweet flower has been plucked from our little garden by the white winged angel of death.

How well I remember the time when Mellie and I sat side by side in the old school, which we both loved so dearly. Her quiet and gentle ways won the hearts of all who knew her. Each year of her life added new graces to her already bounteous store. The sunshine of life and health beamed from her frank and winning smile.

Mellie was a good student and whatever she undertook to do, she did well. She was a noble girl and many friendships were here entered into that death only could sever. Like all girls she was fond of fun and her merry laugh and smiling face gave evidence of the happy disposition which she possessed.

Deep love and earnest effort were the main springs of her life. She loved her Alma Mater and whenever her school days were mentioned, she took real pleasure in recounting the good times we all had together.

Of her married life it could well be said that it was an ideal one. She was a true wife and devoted mother; no higher eulogy can be pronounced upon any woman.

Full of life and hope, blessed with health and happiness, she was but upon the verge of life, which blossomed forth, before her, when she was suddenly taken from us. How hard for us, who remain, to reconcile ourselves to the loss of dear Mellie.

Her illness was of but short duration. During the night she was taken suddenly ill. Eight fleeting hours passed away, and with the dawning of a new day, her soul broke forth from its earthly tenement and sought its Maker.

To a Christian like Mellie, there was no fear of the grave. She knew that the dear Lord would give his children sweet rest beyond the changing duties of life.

How precious are the promises of God to the true believer. We should remember with grateful hearts that in the hereafter "God shall wipe away all tears from thine eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

NETTIE STINEMETZ BAINS.

Whereas it has pleased God in the mysteries of his Providence to remove from our midst our beloved associate, MELLIE HAYDOCK CAMP—

Resolved:—That in her death, our organization has lost a member devoted to its interests and ever loyal to her Alma Mater.

Resolved:—That we tender to those dear ones who so sincerely mourn her loss, our loving sympathy and that, in affectionate remembrance, these resolutions be spread upon the pages of our Annual.

ALICE E. EDWARDS,
HATTIE B. WALKER,
Committee.

A GREETING.

◆

For one glad day in June we come together,
"Old girls" who long have left the home so dear,
And tasted of life's cup, the sweet and bitter,
Are schoolgirls once again, and gathering here
We greet you little sisters, just beginning
To tread the path our feet have trod before,
Toward that fair goal which we were sure of winning
The goal of happy days in endless store.

We further on the road can see before you;
The path will not be all with roses strewn,
The wayward lights and shadows soon will show you
Life is not always just a day in June.
But whether joy or pain be set before us
In all the days to come, dear sisters; sure
The strength we here have gained will nobly help us,
Will help us to enjoy or to endure.

Alumnæ Day means much to all your daughters,
Oh Alma Mater! True to you are we
We send you greetings over many waters
From distant lands and over vale and lea.
From east and west we send these loving greetings
From north and south our wishes wend their way
And one and all rejoice in happy meetings
And hail with smiles our glad Alumnæ Day.

PHILA CALDER NYE.

ECHOES OF MISSION CHIMES.

. ◆ .

AFTER sojourning in the land of flowers, roaming among ivy-covered towers and crumbling ruins, listening to the echo of bells,

> "Bells of the past whose long-forgotten music
> Still fills the wide expanse,"

one yields willingly to the romantic spell cast by the music of the mission bells.

> "Solemn bells whose consecrated masses,
> Recall the faith of old,"

the faith of Junifero Serra and his mission followers.

These old Spanish and Mexican bells with few exceptions are the only preachers left to expound the faith of St. Francis at the old California missions, established by the faithful padres. It is the echo of these mission bells which sets the mind vibrating with a pathetic theme———the fate of the missions.

To the keen listener, however, there is a brighter, lighter, gladder strain which recalls the time of joy and gladness, when the first bells rang out the Veni Creator over a century ago at the founding of the first mission in Alto, California. These bells were one of the gifts of the Lower California missions to Father Serra and Father Crespi, who, having at last obtained permission of Carlos III. started under military protection, to establish missions in the land of the red man. Although the journey was fraught with hardship, suffering and danger, all felt repaid for their zeal and perseverance when they had safely reached San Diego and taken possession of the land in the name of God and the King. While the royal standard fluttered on

the hill-top, the bells were being swung on the limb of an adjacent tree to proclaim their mission, to

> " Ring out the darkness of the land
> Ring in the Christ which is to be."

Surely the bugle note for civilization for the red man was that day sounded in California, and it was echoed and re-echoed from valley to cañon, from cañon to plain, until it died away at the Golden Gate.

Some of the mission buildings were more pretentious than others, but whether they were attractive stone structures like Santo Barbara or San José, or simple adobé buildings with roofs of straw or woven grasses like that of La Soledad, none was too poor to have its musical bells. Whether they were chimes as at Santa Barbara or San Gabriel or only a trio of bells, their proclamation was the same, "peace on earth, good will to men." This the Indians must have divined, for whenever the unusual sound of the bells attracted them, they would flock fearlessly around the mission fathers and watch with astonishment the erection of the rude altar and other ceremonies incident to the founding of a mission.

Not only did the bells proclaim the love of God and love of man, but the knowledge of the use of their God-given powers which the faithful fathers were to teach them ; not only a new faith but a language in which to chant that faith, not only land but a knowledge of the cultivation of land and the utilization of its products—the art of manufacture.

The bells played an important part in the life at the missions. At sunrise the Angelus called the faithful to mass, at noon time its welcome sound proclaimed the needed rest to the weary laborers, and it was not long ere the patience and zeal of the Franciscans was rewarded by seeing thousands of converts flock to the chapels, in answer to the summons of the sunset Angelus, where with bowed head they listened to the chanting of the litany.

To the stranger or pilgrim the echo of the mission bells was an assurance of welcome and hospitality. Many a Romona and Alessandro have found protection within the mission walls; many a pilgrim has shared the comfort of the "traveler's room," always kept ready at the missions; plucked fruit in the traveler's orchards" set apart for them, or started on his journey with a fresh horse given him from the mission herd.

Most of the mission bells still hanging in abandoned towers and crumbling walls, remain unswung, untolled save by some passing stranger, who would fain hear its echoes and feel in touch with the past. It is a comfort to the admirer of the faithful pioneers that one of these missions is still extant, that Santa Barbara's bells are still rung by the little band of Franciscans who courageously labor on, believing "right is right, since God is God."

Does any one doubt, the good results of establishing the missions in California, let him study the contemporary history of events on the Atlantic coast, If after living within sound of the Angelus and depending on the guidance of the fathers who rang it, was it strange, when the Angelus ceased to ring, and their teachers and preachers were driven from the land, their own lands usurped by strangers, that the sons of barbarism should seek their native wilds and again worship the powers of Nature instead of the God of strangers? If the Franciscans did not permanently accomplish the end in view, it was because their bells were too soon silenced and the fault of the government who deprived these zealous fathers of their power.

The Franciscans need no monuments save the structures which were builded by their hands, no eulogy save the eulogy which their bells proclaim; the echoes of these bells may grow fainter and fainter but the account of the Franciscan's patience, zeal, and self-sacrifice will always be heard, for

"Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow forever and forever."

INDIANAPOLIS,

May 27th, 1894.

MY DEAR SCHOOL FRIENDS:

You ask for a word of greeting in the name of M. V. S., those potent letters which cast such a spell over all its absent daughters that what it demands of them must be forth-coming.

M. V. S. is indeed a magic sign, a pass word which will always admit us into the private box from which can be seen more clearly the pageant of passing interests, or give us prominent or useful places in the procession itself, helping us to get the best out of life.

When visiting in any strange city, I have found that if I announce immediately that I am an M. V. S. girl, countless friends already made for me, spring up on all sides, anxious to make the visit a pleasant, happy one.

You would like perhaps to hear about those of our graduates whose homes have been in Indianapolis. The Alumnæ Association has good cause to be proud of one of its members, Mrs. Mary Stewart Carey, class of '77, the mother of four dear little girls; I wish you could have heard her read an essay on "Folk Song" before a roomful of the brightest Indianapolis women belonging to the finest woman's literary club in the State, of which club she is a valued member. When I heard all the complimentary remarks that were made I was sure that you would be delighted to hear about it and be proud of her with me.

Miss Mabel Eddy, of the same class, is still spending her winters in Louisville, doing valuable work in Miss Noel's school. Although we were sorry to lose her we look forward to the vacation which will bring her to us.

Miss Ada Andrus, of the class of '78, we have reason to be proud of also, since she has been wonderfully successful as a teacher, this year becoming assistant principal of one of the largest of the Indianapolis public schools, which, as you doubtless know, are ranked among the first and best of the public schools in this country.

We always claimed as an Indianapolis girl one who met with us in Washington such a short time ago, Mrs. Mary Landers Beall, I cannot help thinking of her now and feeling with you how much we have lost in losing her.

We often hear of the sweet voice of Mrs. Anna Boggs Koehne, in the same class of '79, from her lovely home in Florida. This winter she took a prominent part, both in managing and singing, in her own clever way, in an opera given for "sweet charity's sake."

The class of '91 is rapidly losing its old maids, Miss Eleanor Brush has just promised to join the ranks of married members in the fall and has left her home here to spend the summer near New York, in which city will be her future home.

So you see each Indianapolis girl has chosen and is doing well her life's work; all excepting one poor little maid, who finds it difficult to do anything but try to keep her feet from slipping from their foothold in three clubs.

All of us from the different classes and of different ages are staunch friends and always will be, since the tie that binds is M. V. S. Who knows but some day we may be so numerous that we can establish an Indianapolis branch of the M. V. S. Association?

As to you who are so fortunate as to be meeting together, take our blessings, greetings and best wishes for a bright and happy reunion.

Yours in good fellowship,

ANNA HASSELMAN.

TOASTS.

· ◆ ·

M. V. S. - - - - - - - MISS DIVER

"In every chime the magnet of the soul
Touched by remembrance trembles to that pole."

Our Principals - - - - MISS GUNNISON

"Every woman is or ought to be a cathedral
Built on the ancient plan, a cathedral pure and perfect,
Built by that only law that use be suggester of beauty.
Nothing concealed that is done, but all things done to adornment,
Meanest utilities seized as occasions to grace and embellish."

The Gentlemen - - - - - MRS. FINLEY

School Days - - - - - MISS HANCOCK

"Longing to depart upon the fair journey before her, and yet lingering on the threshold (of school) as if she wished both to stay and go."

Home Missions - - - MISS BRADFORD

"Do noble things, not dream them all day long."

Class Prophesy - - - MISS DUFOUR

"To be or not to be?"

RESPONSES.

M. V. S.

These letters strike a tender cord in all our hearts and one quick to respond.

It can be treated under two heads—As an institution and as the "girls" who make up the school.

We all know of the grand work our Alma Mater is doing; what it was last year, what it is this. We see it year by year broadening and deepening. I need not trace its growth; we all know each step of the way I trust. Girls, keep in touch with it, make all its interests yours.

Now I come to the most important part of dear M. V. S.—the "little maids." We have every reason to be proud of them; and how much we owe our dear principal, only God knows, for her kind, thoughtful, helpful words. She always seems to known just what we need, and says it just at the right time. She sends us forth with high ideals, strong hearts and the example of her life. There is a question which often comes to me. Do we appreciate our Seminary Home as we should? I fear we do not. Perhaps sometime when we are many miles from here we shall. But do not let us wait until we are far away to learn how dear it is to us. We are each part of a whole, a grand whole and one that is doing a noble work. Do we always do the best our circumstance allows? If so, angels could do no more. We want to reflect credit upon our school, and remember the interesting talks with our teacher upon old mosaics. How perfect each minute part is in itself—We are each stones in the mosaic of M. V. S. Shall we add beauty, strength and durability

to the work of the Master hand?—Yes we shall. Onward—upward, each in the place God has given her to fill. Knowing always that He knoweth best, and if we will only let Him, will fashion our lives, so that she whom we all love will be proud to own us. And though we make mistakes, shall rise on stepping stones of our dead selves to greater things; and a purer and holier treasure we would now perchance disdain will come when our toil is over and pay us for all our pain.

Our Principals.

Looking for the quotation which I was told was essential, the one which has just been read seemed to me eminently suitable, suggesting, as it does, the work of the year.

Graduates together we have all had Art history, while a large number have enjoyed it with Mrs. Hensley—so I hardly need apply the figure in its infinite variety, and call attention to its fitness to my subjects. Perhaps it would be courteous to allow "Our Principals" to choose their own symbols, but I cannot forebear the suggestion that Mrs. Somers would be nobly represented by the beautiful Milan, in glorious whiteness, no spot left incomplete, every niche and corner filled with an appropriate statue, Mrs. Hensley, by her beloved Cologne, tall and stately, "nobly planned;" while who could doubt that Miss Scull would prefer to wander back to her much-loved Greece and find her likeness in a Doric Temple; perhaps she could show us a photograph of just the kind of temple she would like to have represent her and at the same time instruct us with the story of the god, or shall we say goddess, to whom it was sacred.

To speak at length of Mrs. Somers would be to encroach upon other responses, for what is the school but Mrs. Somers? Her brain planned it, her untiring energy has carried out the plans, and her wise liberality has provided the teachers who, working with her,

have brought the school to its success. To us who know and love her, she seems an ideal principal. Which of us here has not sat up or stood straight as she passed by, and if once a year or so a slang word rises to our lips, do we not think of her precepts and refrain?

We are all proud that the World's Fair has recognized Miss Scull's ability and awarded her the gold medal. We can imagine her wandering over Greece, catching a view to bring back to us, possibly gaining from some wise Greek, new thoughts and ideas of the ancient views on political economy or, it may be, on tariff reform. For what she *is* even more than for what she knows, we love and honor her; may we not say that in her the "Attic salt" is only a small part the rest being the "salt of the earth."

What shall I say of Mrs. Hensley? She is so constantly with us that a school without her as principal is hardly to be thought of. Our comforter when things go wrong, she is almost a "father confessor," and to her we owe our many pleasant glimpses of history and the love and interest we have in Art. To some her constant presence is sometimes a disadvantage, when a pleasant conversation in the Reading Room or Hall is interrupted and all hopes of the "Honor Roll" vanish.

Our three Principals, sometimes seeming to us as unrelenting as the Three Fates, have, each in her own way, helped us to attain a wiser, and is it not our own fault if we cannot add, a better womanhood.

The Gentlemen.

When invited by our toastmaster to respond to this toast I accepted the invitation without due consideration. I did not stop to think what a prodigious task I had undertaken, and it was not until I began to prepare the response that I realized what I had promised to do.

It was mildly intimated that the responses should be brief—now I ask you in all candor how could one be brief with the gentlemen ?

The subject, ladies, is great, it is vast, it is world wide, in fact it is hydroheaded, and at one time it seemed as though I must divide it under at least twenty heads and discuss each one separately, but I won't; having helped Mrs. Hodgkins to bring the gentlemen here I am going to be merciful and treat the subject more lightly.

Men are found all over the world !—in civilized and barbarous countries, they are here, there and everywhere ! go when *you* may fellow alumnæ *there* the gentlemen are to be found, especially in America, which country produces the very finest specimens; but they are to be found all over the inhabited globe, everywhere except in one spot and that spot is right here in this Mount Vernon Alumnæ Association and I am glad there is one place they can't get in—we just come in here once a year and have a good time quite to ourselves—while they, "the gentlemen," are not in it—they are outside weeping and wailing and gnashing their teeth : this is poetic license; they may be out there but the rules of the school won't let us girls go to the window and find out.

Our school is now nineteen years old—there is no use, girls, denying our age because Mrs. Somers just rises up and prints it in her year book and advertisements, and not only that, but she calmly adds one year each succeeding September, never seeming to consider how it may make us young girls feel to make such a confession !

As I was saying we are nineteen years old and it has taken us just nineteen years to get this toast "The Gentlemen."

Why are we there now? Why do we toast them to-day ?

I am sure I don't know unless it be that having tried to get along without them all of these years we just found that we could not do it !

At the organization of this Alumnæ Association some one asked that question which for some occult reason is always asked at every woman's organization, "Shall we invite the gentlemen?" After some discussion, in which Mrs. Somers took part, she gave them a new name "Impedimenta," and as we were for advance and progress we voted then and there not to invite them, and from that day to this our toast is the nearest they have gotten to our gathering.

Does this toast indicate that we are feeling sorry and want to take that vote back? I think not, for nothing not even "the gentlemen" could add to the charm of this annual reunion. To me, this yearly meeting with my former teachers, co-laborers, students and, I trust friends, is the most enjoyable day of the year—the lovely season, the flowers, the birds, the bright faces, the kindly greetings and recalling past joys and sorrows, speaking of those who have passed beyond the veil afford me a joy and sweet content I would not forego for any "impedimenta." But there is one class of impedimenta I would toast and with right good cheer—those with little clinging hands all full of dimples, with lips that know no guile, whose innocent eyes look only on home and with loving confidence into our own, whose toddling feet follow us thro' the day with loving trustfulness, whose circling arms about our necks reward us for our many anxious hours of toil and care, who teach us that motherhood is the crowning glory of a woman's life, these, "the gentlemen" juniors—our little sons let us toast with flowing bowl, hearty good will and loving thought nor yet regard them as impedimenta but as welcome intruders and destroyers of our established habits and precedents.

School Days.

As we drink to Mount Vernon Seminary and say with Rip Van Winkle may it live long and prosper, a tender memory of "benefits forgot" and pleasant and inspiring hours creeps over us and the hearty response

of a moment before is slightly hushed as we realize that we have passed from the boundary of the known to the threshold of the unknown future ; from girlhood to womanhood and that now comes the parting from Mrs. Somers and her corps of teachers, from the friends so dear to each girl's heart and from the school life so full and earnest.

We realize that we have reached the place where for years we have longed to be, but find as we draw near to the goal that many a fond and tender recollection holds us back and we feel almost inclined to change places with the weest tot in the Primary Department so as to live those light, happy days at school over again.

In years past the improvements and changes have been noticeable, but this year the most decided change and yes! the most decided improvement has been made, for now we are surrounded by tiny maids and eight small boys, each and all teaching the other girls and even the "dignified seniors" some lesson, unconsciously to themselves.

The pretty ways of the small maidens and the manly voices in the chapel of a morning, not to mention the dog and express wagon, add much to the pleasure of school.

The sociability between boarders and day scholars has also been one of the light spots of our last year and we hope that the bond of sympathy so pleasantly begun may grow wider until all are united in one common feeling of fellowship.

The life at M. V. S. is not only full of books and study however, for we find Faith, Hope and Charity working together and a noble pilot at the helm from whom we may learn how to guide our own tasks on the smooth or rough waters of the future of each and all.

As the years come and go we will have many new thoughts and interests, but may the chords of our memories and hearts twine more closely about these

years so pleasantly and successfully spent ; and let our watchword through life be:

The Yellow and the White
Shall be to us as emblems
Of all that is most right.

Home Missions.

"*Do* noble things, not dream them all day long."

You are probably familiar with Mrs. Burnett's "Story of a Beautiful Thing," in which she so charmingly describes a London charity, that has for its aim the bettering of the condition of the hopelessly invalid children of the very poor.

In just a few words I want to tell you to-day of another beautiful thing that exists right here in our own city, by which hundreds of girls are helped every year over the hard places into the sunshine of life.

Come with me for a moment into a great airy homelike building and let us knock at the door of room No. 22.

There is no answer so we open the door softly and find ourselves in the daintiest of white and gold rooms, white matting on the floor—a white iron bedstead, an enamel bureau with linens embroidered in gold and an enamel washstand holding a pretty white and gold toilet set. These, with a few good helpful books and well chosen pictures complete the "Mt. Vernon Room" of the Young Woman's Christian Home, a room in which is embodied the loving thought of a number of our girls, who "living not to themselves alone," have sought to do this beautiful thing for girls less favored than they.

And the little room holds many tender associations for us, inasmuch as without the generous help given in memory of Maggie Church who herself was so full of beautiful thoughts for others, many comforts in it would be lacking. Thus we join hands with the angels in helping God's poor.

Here, after a long day's work in a store, a tired girl finds rest and comfort in our room. She is young, only about sixteen, with no parents, and dependent for daily bread on what she herself can earn from week to week. Her big eyes fill with tears as she tells you how she nearly fell by the way before she found the Home which has been to her such a refuge.

When she earns enough money to give her a comfortable lodging elsewhere she must go, to make room for one less fortunate, but the influence of the little room in its purity and refinement will stay with her, and mark the weeks spent there with a white stone in her life's pathway.

So God uses us to help each other, "and by bearing one another's burdens we are fulfilling His law and coming nearer to that fulness of life which is in Christ Jesus."

Class Prophesy

"To be or not to be?"

This is the motto of the class of '94 whose future is soon to be revealed. It is scarcely necessary to summon a seer to anticipate that the olive wreaths, which will rest upon the philosophic brows of these maidens, will be of no small sized dimensions. With this thought in my mind, I rejected a session with the departed spirits, who sometimes slightly prevaricate, and betook myself to the house-top where, one May night, I sought the blue heavens eagerly for a key to the future. The stars blinked sleepily at me, and for a time were uncommunicative, but by my strong concentration I soon drew them out, and they told me of a great palace near "The Hub," where three ladies of fame will hold their court in the coming years. These appeared to me in the fluffy cloud that just then veiled the stars.

She, the singer, stood with her hands clasped before her and her head thrown back in very ecstasy of song. Twenty years had failed to banish the bright light from her hazel eyes or to chase the dimples from her

smile. Fame and time had made her even more a—Lily—

"That fair imperial flower,
Who seemed designed for Flora's hand,
The sceptre of her power."

Softly playing her accompaniment, with that wonderful expression and finish that had brought such homage to her feet, was our Titian haired Rosamond, whose name like her fair face bespeaks a score of pretty romances. One other makes up this interesting trio; she is of medium height and the years have brought to her a pretty plumpness. She is the second Rachel, nay Rachel beside the famous Cecil is as the field clover to the garden snow ball.

Across the sea the heavenly lanterns next lead me to the palatial residence of an English peer. A tall, graceful lady is just bidding her portly husband good-morning, and mounting her white charger, which, inspired by the barking of Rowdy and the other dogs, starts off at too lively a pace for my lady Marion to compose verse, for, you must understand the nobility greatly esteem the American wife of Lord Pendennis Somerset for her poetic and musical talents.

The stars next take me back to our own dear land where they show me a short, brilliant piece of humanity, who is electrifying the west by her constant and interesting stream of conversation. No entertainment is complete without the presence of the charming Mrs. X. née May Melish, who is as much loved for her sunniness of temper as Rosalind and as much feared for her wit as was the merry Beatrice. Her face is still like a garden and in it, as during the happy days at M. V. S.

"Roses and white lillies grow."

It is rumored that she is now working on a startling invention and we who know how full of good suggestions she was in the old days, may well prophesy her success. Visiting her is the second George Eliot, known to us as Nellie Hosea; she is resting before starting the sequel to her famous book on "Young

Womanhood in Shakespeare." She is still of that perfect Greek type and might yet be called

"As fresh as April, sweet as May."

It is unnecessary to state that Nellie married soon after her departure from school and now lives in a beautiful home in Missouri.

A cloud floats over the sky and I wait anxiously for it to pass. It places me in this, our lovely city, where I peep in at a meeting of a well known literary society, which is held in our sweet chapel. The president, a fair little lady with a decided Boston brogue, and a faculty for making her heels herald her approach, is delivering her farewell address for she is soon to join her friends in the North, and there assist Lily set the world on fire with her voice. Her best friend, the well known essayist, Ritchie Ford Gunnison, is elected to take her place. She is still tall and charming but alas! no longer willowy for her small feet almost refuse to carry her and she is joyfully contemplating a wheeled chair. Among the other members of this august assembly is a lady with a calm sweet air, pretty white tresses and a young face, where blushes and dimples still gambol. This is our little Chinese puzzle, our analyzer. They say she first wrote a book that rivaled the greatest cynical production every written by the hand of mortal and a month later, her ideas changing completely, she tormented herself so cruelly that both her head and that of her husband turned snow white, but fortunately, as the years have sped by they have carried away Mazie's little fancies and left her as calm as that tall lady by her side, whose blue eyes and delicate coloring remind us of the Bodenhausen Madonna. She is the wife of the Chief Justice of the United States and in her face we might read that she often tries to influence the Judge to let mercy rule over justice. She is in her calm paths of life as steadfast as she was in her study days and Hedwig is synonymous, wherever she goes, with fidelity and nobleness.

The widow Oro Joseph looks so pale that Hedwig bends to see if she is fainting—"Poor child," Mazie murmurs, "she is thinking of Edith. Edith, that practical pessimistic member of our class, had so greatly shocked her cousin that she had been compelled to postpone her second wedding; for one moonlight night a tall figure tripped out of the house and eloped with a Russian count, with whom she is now gaily sailing Italian seas and teaching him "Rah, rah, rah;—Harvard!" with flourishes.

It is growing cold and I wrap my cloak closer about me watching, in the awful stillness of the late hour, for a new revelation. The interior of a little church next appears to me and upon the altar the minister's wife and child are placing lilies. How pure and sweet the mother's face looks as it bends smiling over the flowers. "Mable?" a deep voice calls, and she hurries away to her husband's study. Aurora is turning restlessly in her couch; soon the curtains will be drawn and then by her glory the stars will be annihilated. I must work fast if I would finish my task to-night. I see one of our "sweet girl graduates in her golden hair" putting her little one to sleep. She is surrounded by all the good things of life and I am glad to know that sorrow's cruel blasts will never blow their withering breath upon Ella's fair face. She smiles as she catches a glimpse of a handsomely dressed paper doll, upon the floor, because it is for these toys that Louise Duvall is idolized by the children; while by their mothers she is esteemed as the model hostess. A picture of her hangs upon the nursery wall; a tinge of grey has touched her hair, but there is still the old frank smile about the conscientious face and a twinkle in the blue eyes that seems to answer her class-mates' smiles.

Aurora is peeping through the curtains and with fear lest she fling them back I bend eagerly forward to read the stars' last message. I am glad they have reserved it for the last; this little picture of the ivy-covered cottage, the dark woman waiting in the fading

twilight. Where has the scorn fled, that use to linger about her mouth? which has melted into a red rose of love, while her eyes that, in her girl-hood harbored defiance in their depths are simply two messages of tenderness sent from the "Holy of Holies" of her heart. Can this be our Ivy Green;—and love in a cottage? And there in that little star I find the remaining member of the class, a spinster slim and pale, with many a cat and ever so—but alas! Too late! her fate can never be read for;—

"Nights candles are burned out
And jocund day stands
Tiptoe on the misty mountain top."

PERSONALS.

M. V. S. girls are justly proud of the exhibition in the Woman's Building, catalogued as "Illustrations of Greek Art and Mythology;" and which carried away the gold medal. It is hardly necessary to say that Miss Scull was the exhibitor.

We have had several visitors at the Seminary this year—Adele Hancock, '90, who was here to act as maid of honor to her cousisn, Dora Hancock, another M. V. S. girl who was married in April to Mr. Newton Mason, U. S. N.

Mrs. Mary Rankin Goulder was also here during the winter visiting her father, Prof. Rankin, of Howard University.

Mrs. Huber Buehler spent the Easter holidays with Mrs. Wm. E. Knight, of this city.

The engagement has been announced of Cornelia Harnden Wright, '91, to Mr. John Bruce McPherson, of Gettysburgh, Pa.

Rose McDermott, '94, and Fannie Wood, '93, sailed for Europe June 12, with Frau Professor Naumann.

Florence DePauw, '89, was a guest of the Seminary during January.

Louise McWilliams, '89, was here during the winter to act as maid of honor at Addie Burr's wedding.

Mrs. Clarke's presence at the June reunion was a very pleasant surprise.

The engagement is announced of Eleanor Gordon Brush, '91, to Mr. Henry N. Hempstead, of New York.

The new girls will have reason to congratulate themselves in the accession to the faculty of Miss Hattie Walker—Miss Walker will teach astronomy at the Seminary the coming winter.

The chapel is rejoicing in a new picture, sent to Mrs. Somers and her girls by Bertha Hammond, '92. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Somers appreciative "Go thou and do likewise" will not fail to bear early fruit.

Sara Shields, '91, had as her guest this winter Lizzie Field, who came on from Denver to recite a poem on the unveiling of Mrs. Harrison's portrait before the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Anna Hoeke, '93, has been studying in Boston this winter.

Edith and Jessie Lacey are spending the year abroad where Jessie has been pursuing her art studies.

Helen Hurst, '92, sailed in April to join her brother who is U. S. Consul at Crefeld, Germany.

Miss Dingley and Mrs. Stoll are among the out-of-town girls who were present at the June reunion. Miss Dingley is studying music in New York and delighted us with her beautiful voice a number of times during commencement week.

Mrs. Alice Nokes Hall has a little daughter, born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in December, '93.

MARRIED.

In June, '93, at her home in Gettysburgh, Mary Roberta Wolfe to Mr. Huber Buehler.

At Washington, D. C., Addie Perry Burr to Mr. John C. Clarke of New York.

January 10, at London, England, Elsa Chamberlain to Mr. Clarke Hudson Mower.

At San José, Cal., Marian A. Dean to Mr. Frederick Barnheisel.

DIED.

August, '93, at his home in Washington, Mr. B. K. Plain, father of Susie B. Plain.

August 12, '93, in Denver, Mr. Thomas M. Field, father of Lizzie Field.

July, '93, in St. Paul, Mr. William S. Mellen, father of Gertrude Mellen.

At Minneapolis, Mr. Herrick, father of Izzie Herrick.

At Washington, D. C., Mrs. Walker, mother of Nellie Walker.

At Washington, D. C., Mrs. Morgan, mother of Nina Morgan.

At Mt. Vernon Seminary, Washington, D. C., June 23, Mrs. Eddy, beloved mother of Mrs. Somers.

March, '94, in Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. Arthur Murphy, husband of Katie Nokes Murphy.

July 28, '93, at St. Louis, Mo., Mellie Haydock Camp.

Press of W F Roberts